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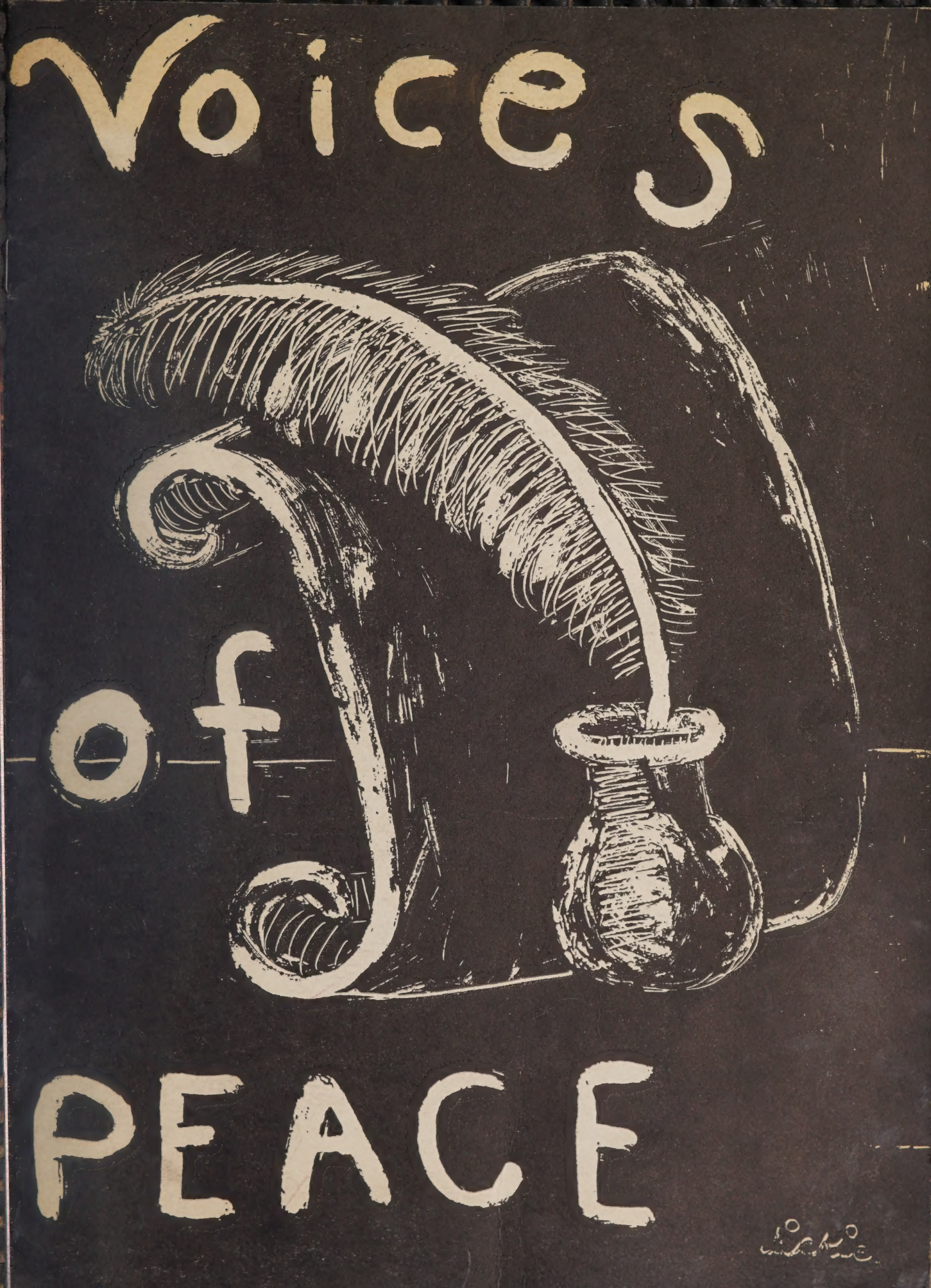

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And the Woman, Too

The broad streets are filled with anxious, expectant people. Eagerly they await the approaching procession. Joyously they sing and cry words of praise and welcome to a King, and to a woman, too.

Beautiful is she to look upon. Her eyes are gay and dancing. Laughter, clear as a bell, springs from her lips and is echoed by cheers from the crowd around her. A kind, gentle tenderness of spirit and loving devotion for the man at her side is expressed by her very being. A thrill runs through the people of France. And the woman, too.

Years pass. Again the streets are filled; there is the same eagerness in the atmosphere. Once again the masses sway with deep and strong passions. But there is a fearful change in the scene. The passion is hate; the love is gone, the admiration, the thrill. On the crowd moves; the old and young alike. And the woman, too. The air is thick and dark with threats and curses. Stained are the weapons they raise, but dry the eyes. Any tear that may arise from the innermost part of the soul is quickly wiped away. There is no time nor place for tears. In every feature of the hard, dry faces there are hate and fury, stamped so deeply that even time cannot erase them. Ever forward pushes the mob. Hate reigns supreme, firing every breast to furious passion. And the woman's too.

And the woman, too? Her spirit now is broken. Now an ugly, brutal hag appears. Wasted is the once beauteous form. Old is she for the few years she has lived. Her hair is silvered, not by the passing of time. The eyes, that once gazed with love on those around her, are dimmed by hours of long weeping for lost loved ones. No hand is outstretched to soothe, comfort, or caress her in woe. No hand to save her from death.

On the guillotine, place of destruction, she stands. Only innocence sustains her spirit. A breeze wafts through the air as she stands and raises her head listening to the echoes of her husband's merry tones, and her children's gay laughter. Painful memories, but soon all will

be calm; thoughts of another world, a world without sorrow and pain, a world where the only prayer is that God will pardon those who thirst for the blood of a monarch. And of the woman, too.

Suddenly there is a cry of triumph from the mob. The last bitter pang is over. The world shudders as a life passes into the unknown. Lifeless then is the France of yesteryear, lifeless the monarch. And the woman, too, The Queen!

Ann Louisa Williams
Senior

From an Ungrateful Daughter to Her Parents

As I sit and think of all the kind and wonderful things you, my parents, have done for me, I cannot help but think too of all the little things I have not done for you. The little things that seemed so unimportant at the time. The hundreds of times I have neglected to say thank you. The many times I have gone to bed at night without kissing you. To me that kiss may have seemed childish, but to you it may have meant deep love and devotion.

Not a day passes that you, my parents, do not think of me and long to see me; but if I remember you once during the day, it is when I want something of you, or when I fail to get a letter from home.

I feel a deep sense of thankfulness when I remember the many times I have wanted to do a thing which seemed right to me but wrong to you. You would not let me do this thing and I rebelled. For a long time I might have been resentful, but now as I think over all those things, I know how right you, my parents, were and how wrong I was. I am truly grateful to you.

Although now, while I am still growing in body and mind, I cannot bring myself to say these things to you, I shall some day be able to say them with true meaning; and you will know and understand how very much I love you both.

Edna Whitehead
Senior

Unsatisfied

The young hearts of men are never satisfied. True . . . they may be content and happy, but they are never fully satisfied. God did not intend for man to idly possess this earth. Each springtime brings a new arrival of grass, budding trees, and fragrant flowers. The earth is always changing its attire. The roaring oceans and bubbling brooks eagerly move onward. The perished earth cries up to heaven begging the rain clouds to give up their envied treasure. Nature cannot be satisfied. And if we, the supreme product of nature, are satisfied . . . what then are we to become? Mere animals? Never! Let us feed our eager souls on the wondrous things before us and then always look deeper . . . for the many great things that are hidden. How sad to become satisfied! It is like old age waiting for the grave. Look onward and you shall never grow old. Be striving onward and you shall rise to greater heights!

Serene Lutrel Smith
Senior Prep.

Flood Tides

I feel a tug at my heart's sleeve, seeking,
Asking me, smiling,
Like a beautiful maiden, beckoning me,
"Sing the world a beautiful song."
A song, a melody that catches creation in
its magnificent passages;
A song that reaches to the stars and down,
Into the darkest depths.
Paint beauty simply, but with feeling 'til
it touches the soul and makes the heart ache.
I feel the poem beating in my own breast;
restless, surging, there imprisoned;
Crying to be released, wanting the pale world to
see its splendor;
Beating fragile wings, futilely, sadly
Because I cannot lift the purple mists
and set it free.
Free! To burst across the land joyously,
breathing,
Singing its bold song of limitlessness,
Soaring on its own wings of fiery phrasing,
Chanting its passionate cantos into the
face of the wind,
Lilting its radical declaration across,
Above the sluggish river of hate,
Singing—! Singing, until all the people
of the earth repeat it,
Singing until its separate melody is lost,
Merged into the steady beat, the song of time.
My own song, my child of primitive beauty;
The thing so big I cannot comprehend it,
and the words
With which I seek to relay it are weak,
and wan, and straggle in a line.
But then, what use is there to tell the man
that cannot hear
It in his heart above the drum throb?

Peggy J. Warren
Senior Prep.

Lickie

War Tragedy

The rumble of planes overhead grew louder and immediately the air raid sirens of London cut sharply into the still of the night. Figures and forms seemed to pour instantaneously from every building, around every corner, and into every inch of the street. The dash for the shelters had begun and I, an innocent bystander, was swept along in that flood of humanity.

Inside the subway shelter I found myself reposing quite close to a very attractive young woman of, shall we say, thirty? She was grasping tightly, as if in fear, the hand of a small child. Personally, I, Cecil Fountain, traveler and loafer, loathe brats. Nasty things. They have an uncanny way of getting into all kinds of incredible trouble and of generally making nuisances of themselves.

As I was saying, I gathered from the limited remarks between the infant and the young lady that there had been a recent loss to the family, the home (as well as the master of it) blown to bits. The look upon her pale, oval face, which was surrounded by dark masses of wavy hair, led me to believe that here, indeed, was another war tragedy. This mother of the air raid shelter (as the result of having come face to face with fate's cruel blows) had lost her desire to live. The eyes were dull and clouded by a far-away look. Truly, the spirit was broken. I catalogued her, a definite mental case. The rareness in London of such cases was amazing under the tense living conditions but this one certainly had the symptoms. However, I was a pledged bachelor and you know us old codgers.

I tried various ways to make her acquantance. I admit they were a wee bit rustic—just a bit—however, they seemed to amuse her slightly. A fleeting smile played across her lips but the eyes remained unseeing.

The rumbling had become deafening as the whistle of bombs split the air. Then the thuds and the pounding of anti-aircraft began, background for the roar of motors. Petrice's (I had extracted her name from the child) lips began to move and the voice came forth filled with hate— "They have killed my John and there is no health or help for my child or myself in me." With these words still in the air she swept past me and up the winding stairs. I followed as quickly as my rheumatic bones allowed—out into the streets of the thousand nightmares. As she ran before me one of the hundreds of pieces of flying debris found her. As the planes passed over, I went to her side. I found her eyes clear now—the expression on the face was that of one awaking from a deep slumber. She seemed to be waiting for me as I approached her side. With gasping breath and fragmentary sentences, she began to talk.

"I have seen in your eyes that you have placed me in your mind as just another tragedy of the war. That is true, but you are the real tragedy—yes, the tragedy of life. I have lived life for a time to the fullest; loved, laughed, and lived. Now I am losing them all; but you, sir, have never had them for even a moment. You have never had rewards from life or made any contribution to it. You are the tragedy—the tragedy of life."

I covered her solemnly with my coat and turned to find Petrice's child soberly staring at me with a question mark in each feature—""What does the future hold for me now?"

I am too old and set in my embittered ways to start anew, pick up my life's lost stitches; but I shall try. Through Petrice's child I shall reflect the things I missed. Through her I shall give and I shall receive—I shall love again. Thank you, Petrice .

Jo Anne Powell
Junior Prep.

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A New Faith

The sun's last rays of gentle warmth were fading over the towering peak which to Fritz was unsurpassed in its rugged and sombre beauty. He often came to this spot—this little niche in the mountain side so far from the maddening bustle below.

Fritz had risen with the first signs of light this morning and had climbed steadily to reach this tranquil spot where he could be alone to commune with God. Here he felt nearer to God—nearer to his omnipotent friend and guardian. This friend, only recently taken into his heart, had completely enshrouded him with a beautiful and everlasting faith.

Fritz had been born and reared as a true German under Hitler's regime. He bore the name of Fritz Stroud, like his father, a name which had had much power and prestige in the Gestapo world. In his heart, Fritz cringed at the thought of his name, for it stood for deeds of inhuman cruelty and persecution, things which all through his eighteen years he had been taught were honorable—honorable in this German world of terror, honorable to bring profit to Hitler and his band of cutthroats—no matter what the cost.

Fritz Stroud had proved himself an outstanding soldier in the war, fearless and willing to attempt any mission of danger. He had had a name to live up to, a name which he now despised.

In his childhood he had never been taught the finer things of life. He had had no one to guide him in the paths of righteousness, no Christian atmosphere in his home, only the strict and rigid discipline of living for the nation. He did not know Christ and the joy of living for Him.

Then a strange thing happened to Fritz—an incident which changed his whole life. One day while he was strolling along the bomb-wrecked streets of Berlin, a dirty little child, in haste to get home out of the biting anger of Winter, accidently brushed against him. Fritz stopped the frightened little lad and struck him across the face several times with his gloves. Suddenly a large, well-tanned hand slashed across his own face with a stinging and humiliating blow. Fritz looked up into the face of a young fellow about his own age—a soldier in the American occupation forces. He stood there staring blankly into the face of the man who had dared to strike him. The young man spoke in a well-modulated tone. "Have you never heard how Jesus said, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you'?" Fritz looked at him in utter amazement.

"Who is this Jesus you speak of and what force has he to make you so daring? You are the first man who has ever dared to strike me. The blow you have dealt here will always burn in my heart, and for this I respect and admire you. By what name are you called?"

"I am called a Christian. Come with me and I will tell you of Jesus and of His strength and enduring love for all mankind."

The American led Fritz to this very spot—this carved-out seat at the top of the mountain which had grown so dear to him because of the friend he had found in this American soldier—and the friend he had found through him in Christ.

The two, German and American, stood side by side and looked out over the destruction of Berlin. "All this could have been averted if you and your people had but known God, my German friend."

They sat down and began to talk at first about commonplace things—about nature—the singing of the birds and the whistling of the wind in the trees, the light of the sun and the moon, the merry twinkling of the stars against the warm black coat of night. The American explained to his companion that all these things are made by the power and graciousness of God, the heavenly Creator, and that all things which look to God for aid are beautiful. And so the soul of any man could be made beautiful if only he would look to God for help and guidance.

Every day at an appointed hour from that day forth, the newly made friends would meet in this same niche. Here Fritz was taught more and more about the Christian way of life. He learned of God; of Jesus Christ, the only son of God; of the Holy Spirit, the comforter; and of a true Christian faith. He learned and he believed through the consistent patience of his Christian friend and teacher. Fritz had grown to love deeply and admire this American friend of his. He had been inspired to greater things, to a more profitable and useful life. Instead of driving people in the path of Hitler, he now had the desire to lead them in the way of Christ. Through his faith he had been born again.

Today he sat in his mountain niche alone. The Christian soldier had sailed for his own country—his own dear home—America. Fritz pondered a long while on this word—America. It must be a wonderful place. But why then couldn't Germany be a place such as America? It had the same great potentialities as any nation. For all men are created equal in the sight of God, and are, therefore, equally capable of doing right in the sight of God.

"God sent this Christian to me with a message from Him," thought Fritz. "A message which I must take to the heart and soul of every German. It shall be my Christian privilege to teach the word of God to my people so that they may see the way clearly by the magnificence of His light and truth. There is only one way, and that is the way of Jesus Christ."

The shadows of night were beginning to dance upon the face of the mountain peak as Fritz silently turned the pages of his frayed and worn Bible which had been a gift to him from his Christian messenger. Night crept in on silent feet; but Fritz needed no light but the light of God, the light which he had found and of which he had been born again.

He thought he saw a host gathered about him and a still small voice seemed to echo from above—"Arise—Go and teach your people in My name that this civilization may survive. *I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.*"

Daphne Pollock
Senior

The Gold Star

From the outside the little country church looked ugly and squat, but on the inside a quiet dignity prevailed. The straight-backed pews shone softly in the dim candlelight, although there was no denying the scratches here and there. The pulpit was flanked by autumn leaves, which somehow seemed to be a very part of the design of the church. The church was filled by the swelling notes of the organ as the people sat quietly waiting. The minister, whose face was old and tired under the rim of white hair, seemed to be gathering strength for the coming ordeal. With a last instinctive look upwards, he stood and faced his people. "My friends," he began in a voice gentle and sad, yet possessing a curious strength, "you all know why we are gathered here tonight. It is our custom to hold a memorial service for each of our loved ones who have been taken away from us in this terrible war. This service is meant to bring comfort to us in our time of need." His voice threatened to break, but he composed himself and went on. "On this board are the pictures of our representatives in this war. Tonight we must replace a picture with a star—a star of gold." As he paused for a moment not a sound could be heard. The people were sitting tensely and their faces were sad. "Let us stand and sing *Blest Be the Tie That Binds,* and let us believe that there is a tie which binds," intoned the old man. The notes of the song sounded clear and sweet, and the old minister began fumbling with something on the pulpit—something which glittered brightly. Taking the star, he walked slowly over to the board. With trembling hands he reached up and removed a picture. The strains of the song were fading away as he again reached up, placing the star where the picture of his son had been.

Evelyn Lawrence
Junior Prep.

The Garden

Have you walked into a garden
  A garden green with trees?
Each flower seemed a dancing doll
  Swaying in the breeze.
Tiny petals bright with color,
  Leaves dressed in jade—
Rows of bearded iris
  Like soldiers on parade.

I have wandered past the lilacs
  Their fragrance filled the air,
Their beauty and scene like Canada's
  Outshone all blossoms there.
The brilliant sun cast yellow tints
  Upon the lacy leaves,
The purple buds were summer's hints—
  Like new cut wheat in sheaves.

Down near a shady bank
  Glistened a tiny stream,
A Kingfisher dipped and drank
  'Twas like a fairy dream.
Amid the silence grew the moss
  Beneath a stately pine,
In the distance shone a cross
  And sounded a country church-bell chime.

An old rustic gate with shadowy grace
  Stood silent amid the shade,
The purple twilight off in space
  Closed in and made the color fade.
The lofty trees dimmed from sight
  Silhouettes against the sky,
The Evening Star brought hush of night,
  The moon then rose on high.

Gloria Marjorie Moore
Senior

A Boy's *Foist* Fish

There is nothing to equal the thrill that a small boy experiences when he catches his *foist* fish. No matter what size the fish may be, nor what variety of fish it is, it is seen in the eyes of the catcher as the rarest and most prized of all the water creatures. He unhooks it with the same feeling of triumph that a baby displays when it first begins to walk. He handles it with care and examines it with no less curiosity than an explorer examines his surrounding when he lands upon an unknown shore. The fisherman is now a master of the art of fishing. He proudly carries the wonderful specimen home, fries it himself, and eats it as though he had been without food for many days.

Regardless of his later fortunes and misfortunes, he will always reflect upon this incident in his boyhood as one moment of complete ecstacy in his life.

Sarah Klutz
Senior

The Fall of the Brown Leaf

Stillness, an empty aching and alone,
An empty place that echoes memories;
An empty chair, things said and things unsaid
Haunt the bare room since her gay voice is gone.

Only a few short weeks I knew her well;
Knew her touch, her step, her vibrancy.
And we saw friendship grow from awe at first,
Into respect, affection, 'til I fell—to watching her.

Her comprehension, meek;
Acceptance of a battle that she had lost;
Her fiery outbursts at injustice done.
I loved her well and yet we did not speak.

We must have held each other with envy
I think, because although I lacked the things
She had, I had a mother and a home.
I envied her wealth, poise, and society.

There was a chance, an opportunity
For us to know and help each other, though.
We were so very opposite yet drawn
Together by mysterious gravity.

Now she is gone back to her own gay sphere;
Weeping when she went (she wanted to stay
Because she envied me, and still I her)
We broke the thing we'd built and held so dear.

And so she's gone and I feel strangely sad;
A golden opportunity that's flown.
Still aching as if somebody loved is dead,
Because I lost a thing I never had.

Peggy Jane Warren
Senior Prep.

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